

THE ARTIST.

A SEMIMONTHLY LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS GAZETTE.

TO LEARNING'S SHRINE A CARE SOUGHT GIFT WE BRING, RICH WITH THE BLOSSOMS OF PERPETUAL SPRING.

VOL. III.

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NO. 5.

SELECT TALES.

From the National Intelligencer.

"Hurra! what's the matter?" muttered a man of my acquaintance, in a thick and gruff voice, as, in attempting to enter the door at one o'clock in the morning, he fell his whole length on the floor. His wife, who had been sitting up for him, was startled from a sleep into which she had fallen, and suddenly shrieked, as if this was a new spectacle. She had often set up late before as now, until 1 o'clock, until the candle had burnt out, and the embers had died away to a dim and dull gleaming, and had seen her husband highly excited, but never, till now, had he thundered into the house in such a manner—and fallen prostrate like a beast before his appalled and trembling wife. She was a woman of good education; genteel manners and delicate sensibility, which latter quality, from the well known influence of body on mind, had been much increased by sickness, her sickness itself being probably as much induced by the sight of the growing habits of her husband, as by any other cause. The man who now lay prostrate before her, unable to rise, was once a kind and attentive husband, a seasonable and bountiful provider, a fond lover even to jealousy, the joy and ornament of the domestic circle, but he had companions—and these men had less elevated ideas of the purity of virtue, and the dignity and delicacy of domestic affection. They acted the part of tempters: the first decoyed him by a social glass. There was no harm in that to be sure. None but a bigot would say so. He thought there was not; but having that kind of constitution (and there are many such) which so quickly assimilates itself to the nature of strong drink, he became much attached to a daily glass; this, of course, must, after a while, be increased to sustain the power of the stimulus. In this way he went on gradually increasing the quantity until he could stand firm, and in full possession of his reason, with two thirds of a tumbler in his head! When a man has arrived at this he has taken a tolerably long stride towards that vortex which has engulfed thousands. A man that can drink pretty freely, can do almost any thing pretty freely. So it was with my friend. He began to engage in gaming and other vices, as unknown to the sober period of life, as to the innocent prattlers who clung around the skirts of his coat, and lavished their little caresses on him every morning. He was less affectionate—not so attentive—neglected many little things as a husband in which he was formerly particular—asked less frequently after the health and happiness of her who, at the bridal hour, had entrusted to him, on his oath, to accept and keep the charge, her honor, her happiness as a wife and mother, her prospects, her delicacy, her love, her all. She saw the progress of this detestable habit, but her gentle reproofs, at first parried off with a "Oh, don't be foolish, my dear," were finally replied to with a sharpness that none can know, but the bosom that has been gashed with the wound. She had no course but that of meek and silent submission. This

thorny path she trod many a dark and comfortless night; but she was not roused to the full horrors of her situation till she saw her once adored husband stretched in disgrace before her. To lift him she was too weak: for the little strength she had was already exhausted by watching and weeping till so late an hour, and she tried to muster courage to retire to rest alone, that he might awake to a sense of his own disgrace. This she did, and many were the tears that wet her lonely pillow that night! I need not pursue the delineation of a picture so repulsive. It is sufficient so say, that he went on from bad to worse with accelerated velocity.

After the habit was formed, nothing could dissuade him. The expostulations of sober and temperate friends—the sight of bloated and ruined victims—the poverty and rags which had so often terminated a commencement with a social glass—that could hurt nobody—the horrors of a jail—the fear of a desperate crime—the spectacle of the fairest forms and the most splendid minds paralyzed and destroyed by drinking—the conscious decay of all that was manly and generous in himself—the frustration of his political hopes—and last, but not least, the word "Father," prattled from the cherub lips of his little ones, and the tears and love of HER who was once entwined with every passion of his soul—all, all joined as they were with the expectation of final retribution, did not avail to save him. He died as he lived, a poor, degraded, drunken man! *He would have given his fortune, had he never seen a glass of Brandy!*

THE OLD BACHELOR'S STORY.

When I was a youth, I was very fond of a species of diversion, denominated hoaxing; and frequently indulged this criminal propensity so far, as to bring myself into very awkward scrapes. I shall endeavor to amuse you by relating a few of these.

There was an aged maiden lady, who professed the greatest hatred for the male sex, and who abominated the very sound of matrimony, lived very near to my father's house, and was an acquaintance of my mother's. Whenever she came to visit us, she was particularly snappish and cross to the children, who very soon imbibed an invincible dislike to her, and this we always made apparent, by every means of annoying her in our power. I was then about fifteen years old, and was as fond of mischief, as any youth of that age ever was. I was the prime agent of every plot—always on the forlorn hope, on every expedition, and the first to be suspected when any thing mischievous had been performed.

Our town was not a very large one, but was very respectable, and the majority of its inhabitants were in very good circumstances, and rather of aristocratic feelings; so that I was in no danger of meeting with what is called low company. My chief companions were three young lads, whose parents, like my own, were of independent property, and we ourselves were not deficient of self-consequence and impudence, in which points we very much resembled each other.

We four entered into a compact to disturb the comfort of this old maid, and to assist each other in whatever extremity we might, in the pursuit of this object, chance to fall into. We commenced our operations by sending her an anonymous letter, very badly written, and

spelt, setting forth, that the writer was a repentant thief; and one of a gang who had determined to break into her house in the course of the ensuing month, but on what particular night, the penitent could not state, as he was not admitted into the privy councils of the gang. This letter fully answered our expectations: the old lady had two constables, armed to the teeth, on watch every night for six weeks, in the lower apartments of the house; provided with liquor and refreshments in abundance. The watchman was feigned to visit the premises every quarter, instead of every half hour; and all the neighbors were warned to be on the alert to give their prompt assistance if required.

After the effects of this fright had tolerably subsided, we answered an advertisement for a wife in her name, and addressed the party to make personal application at an appointed hour. I contrived to get into an adjoining room, where, through the key-hole, I could be witness to this meeting. A few minutes before the clock struck the critical hour, there was a smart rap at the door, and I could hear a chuckling voice inquiring for Miss Crabbe. On hearing this her forehead was puckered up into several additional wrinkles, and her eyebrows lowered most portentously. A male visitor was as unusual a guest here, as he was likely to prove an unwelcome one. I really pitied the poor fellow as he entered with a smirk upon his jolly features, and a cheerful alacrity in his whole deportment, which was immediately checked by such an intense frigidity of the maiden's aspect, as seemed to chill the genial current of his soul, and to turn the milk of his cordial nature to gall. He stood like a person detected in the commission of some heinous crime, or like a truant before his schoolmaster, who has suddenly surprised him in his erratic excursion. He eyed his fair mistress with a most hopeless lac-a-daisical expression of countenance; and to her sharp angry question of "What do you want, sir, with me?" he stammered out, "Madam—I am the—the—the gentleman whom you—honored with a letter dated the 5th inst." "I wrote a letter to you, sir—unparalleled effrontery—and pray, sir, (in a tone of most scornful irony) what might be the tenor of that correspondence, which I have the honor of holding with you?" The poor fellow seemed perplexed, and did not know how to answer.—She added, "will you be so good as to let me know the subject on which our correspondence is founded, as I believe (being perfect strangers to each other) a little explanation may be necessary." "Oh, certainly, by all means, madam," replied he, thinking, no doubt, that she was merely introducing the matter in her own way; and he helped himself to a chair, which he placed at the table, but at a most respectful distance from the old maid, whose aspect grew more lowering; astonishment, anger, and curiosity struggling for pre-eminence.

The lover (who was a jolly, red-faced fellow, and formed the most striking contrast to the meagre, sallow object of his pursuit, in appearance, as well as in temper and disposition) now seemed disposed to be further facetious, though evidently overawed by the vinegar aspect of the lady. He smirked, and winked, and shrugged his shoulders, vainly looking for some symptom of approbation in her withered countenance, until her patience being quite exhausted, she snappishly exclaimed, "I insist upon it, sir, that you either explain the object of your visit, without delay, or leave my house immediately." The poor fellow was thunderstruck: "Madam (said he) I came in compliance with your request, to settle the

preliminaries, and to shew the testimonials of my character, which I have here;" producing as he spoke, a roll of papers, and beginning to untie them; the lady interrupted him, by asking, with great impatience, "What testimonials, sir do you mean?—What preliminaries? I don't understand you, sir."—"Why, madam," replied he, "of our marriage, of course." "Marriage!" echoed the virago, transported with rage, "you insolent villain, I'll teach you what it is to insult me in this manner." And taking up the poker, would have settled his wooing for a time, had not he, with great rapidity, snatched up her little rose-wood work table, which shivered it to pieces.—Enraged, beyond expression, at this unexpected catastrophe, she screamed—"murder!"—with all her might, and threw the poker at the appalled wife hunter, who ducked to avoid the salute, which, consequently, took place on a large mirror, which was on the wall behind him. He made towards the door with all speed, but was stopped by the neighbors, who were coming to ascertain the cause of the uproar. The poor fellow was conducted to a magistrate; but of course dismissed as soon as the case was correctly ascertained. The neighbors were mightily amused, and the old maid so mortally chagrined, that she did not venture out for six weeks after, when she appeared at church; but even then, she was destined to hear the tittering of the young maidens, and the ill suppressed grins of the juvenile male part of the audience. No one of her friends whom she honored with a visit dared to smile in her presence, for many months after, lest it should be supposed to have an insulting reference to her calamity. To our house she did not come for half a year after, as I suppose she calculated upon meeting with evident signs of gratification among the children of the household. These were not all the pranks we played with this unfortunate votary of Diana; but the most surprising circumstance attending these exploits, is, that the object of our attacks, never detected the quarter from whence they came, nor, as far as I can tell, did she ever suspect it.

CANZONET.

Oh! give me back the days of feeling,
When I was an expectant too;
When through the wilds of fancy stealing,
The strain of song was ever new;
When morning mists the scene surrounded,
And buds foretold the promised rose;
When bee-like, o'er the flower I bounded,
And pluck'd and rifled as I chose;
Enough, yet little, form'd my treasure—
The hope of youth, illusion's pleasure.
Give me the active spring of gladness,
Of pleasure stretch'd almost to pain;
My hate, my love, in all their madness;
Oh, give me back my youth again!

The social passions then our bliss create—
A bliss not subject to the powers of Fate.
Friendship, tho' called to suffer or endure;
Love, without hope, that finds, that seeks no cure—

(Blest, tho' the obdurate fair no smile accord,
For love, like virtue, is its own reward;)
The tears of pity, or of fond regret,
For those we love, but never can forget;
The fear that watches in a mother's eye,
When first her infant breathes its feeble cry:
Even these a soberer, surer bliss impart—
A subtler pleasure kindles in the heart—
Than selfish triumph or the head repose,
The sullen quiet, that the stoic knows.

Nobody is so deficient in the powers of imagination, as not to imagine himself a more than an ordinary sort of man.

HUMOROUS.

A MAN OF SENSE.—A gentleman in Pittsfield, or somewhere about, being one day in a brown study, fell into an earnest conversation with himself.—His wife, in the other room, hearing him, and having a female curiosity to know whom her other half was talking with, carefully opened the door, and finding him alone, said "My dear, why do you talk to yourself?" "Because," he replied, "I like to talk to a man of sense."

ANECDOTE OF RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTTISH SECESSION.—The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes songs to a peculiar air. They also tell the following traditional anecdote connected with the subject. A poor man, in one of the neighboring parishes, having a child to baptise, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With his child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of the old and young women, who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to manse of —, some miles off, (not that of Mr. Erskine,) where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "Na, he's no at hame yeno," answered the servant lass, "he's down the burn fishing. But I can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yourself the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "naine o' your fishin' ministers shall baptise my bairn." Off he trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, to the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day: he's been out since sax i' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait neither: for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back that he'll no be able to say bo to a calf, let a-be kirkson a wean." "Wait lassie?" cried the man in a tone of indignation, "wad I wait d'ye think, to hand up my wee infant bairn before a minister that gangs out at six i' the morning to shoot God's own creatures? I'll awe down to gude Mr. Erskine at Dunfermline, and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting I think."—The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the Father of the Secession, although now a placed minister would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their reaching, however, the house of this clergyman, which they did not do till late in the evening, the man, in rapping at the door, anticipated he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from an upper chamber. "The minister will not be at hame," said he with a sly smile to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) wad nae be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle."—"The minister is at hame," quoth the girl, "mair by token that it's himsell that's playing honest man. He aye takes a tune at night, before gaun to bed: there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell if ony o' them could."—"That the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If he does this, what may the rest do!"

Weel, I fairly gie them up a'thegither. I have travelled this haill day in search of a Godly minister, and never met with mair disappointment in a day's journey. I tell ye what, gude wife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "weel just awa back to our ain minister after a'!—He's no a'thegither sound it's true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine, I never kenne him to fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle, a' his days!"

Dr. Franklin, while at the court of France, showed himself to be a little of the courtier. Being one day in the gardens of Versailles, showing the Queen some electrical experiments, she asked him in a fit of rallery, if he did not dread the fate of Prometheus, who was so severely served for stealing fire from Heaven? "Yes, please your Majesty," replied Franklin, with great gallantry, "if I did not behold a pair of eyes this moment, which have stolen infinitely more fire from Jove than ever I did, pass unpunished, though they do more mischief in a week than I have done in all my experiments."

A MILITARY AWARD.—Captain S. of the — regiment, during the American war, was notorious for a propensity, not to story telling, but to telling long stories, in which he used to indulge, in defiance of time and place, often to the annoyance of his immediate companions; but he was so good humored withal, that they were loath to check him abruptly or harshly. An opportunity occurred of giving him a hint which had the desired effect. He was a member of a court-martial assembled for the trial of a private in the regiment. This man bore a very good character in general, the offence he had committed was slight, and the court was rather at a loss what punishment to award, for it was requisite to award some, as the man had been found guilty. While they were deliberating on this, Major —, now general Sir —, suddenly turning to the president, said in a dry manner, "Suppose we sentence him to hear two of Captain S.'s long stories."

A young gentleman, about half-seas over, on coming into the Opera-house, London, one evening last week, instead of calling to the box-keeper as usual, was led by some confusion of ideas, to bawl out—"I say here, hostler, show me my stall!"

In Dorsetshire, there was formerly a monthly meeting of the clergy of the county, who thus kept up a spirit of harmony and friendship. At these meetings the Rev. Mr. Pitt was a constant attendant; he was an excellent scholar, a sound divine, a social companion, and a friendly neighbor—but his talents for preaching, which were not very great, were much injured by the badness of his voice. His coachman, a simple country fellow, with some other servants—who, like him, were attendant on their masters on these occasions—began to discuss what object could bring so many parsons thus frequently together? "Why, to exchange sermons, to be sure!" said a ready-witted fellow, who happened to be one of the company. "Then," said Mr. Pitt's coachman, very innocently, "I'm sure they cheat my master, for he never gets a good one; and if he would be ruled by a fool he would never swap sermons with them again!"

One of our sailors having received ten sovereigns for having turned Papist, said to the titular Bishop of Cork, who paid him the money, "you ought to give me ten sovereigns more, because it is d—d hard to believe transubstantiation."

AN ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—Lately an Irish recruit arrived at the depot. A common soldier seeing the raw fellow, exclaimed—"Well, Paddy, how do the

'tatoes taste in Ireland?" "Ah, jewel, (said the recruit,) as I can't give you a taste of the 'tatoe, here's a taste of the stalk," and with his thorn stick knocked down the soldier, to the great amusement of the bystanders.

I never see a person do another a kindness with a view of ultimately benefitting himself, without thinking of the way people fetch a dry pump—*They pour a little water down, in order to pump a large quantity up.*

Sir Robert Walpole was asked how it was possible for him to despatch such a variety of affairs? He replied, "by doing one thing at a time."

MIRACULOUS IMAGE OF THE VIRGIN MARY IN POLAND.—Peter the Great being once at a town in Poland, heard much of a wonderful image of the Holy Virgin, which had been seen to shed tears during the celebration of mass, and he resolved to examine this extraordinary miracle. The image being highly elevated, he asked for a ladder, ascended it, and approached close to the image. He discovered two little holes near the eyes. He put his hand to the head dress, and lifted up with the hair a portion of the skull. The Monks, who stood at the foot of the ladder, quietly regarded the Czar, for they did not imagine that he could so soon discover the fraud; when he even put his finger upon it, they shuddered to behold their miraculous Virgin thus dishonored. The Emperor discovered within the head a basin whose bottom was even with the eyes; it contained a very few small fish, the motion of which agitated the water, and caused it to issue slowly and by small quantities, from the two apertures at the corner of each eye. He descended the ladder without seeking to undeceive the devotees, or any one; but addressing himself to the Monks, he said coldly to them, "That is a very curious image indeed."

POETICAL WILL;

SAID TO HAVE BEEN PROVED IN THE PREROGATIVE COURT OF CANTERBURY.

The fifth day of May,
Being airy and gay,
And to hyp not inclined,
But of vigorous mind,
And my body in health,
I'll dispose of my wealth,
And all I'm to leave
On this side the grave,
To some one or other,
And, I think, to my brother;
Because I foresaw
That my brethren-in-law,
If I did not take care,
Would come in for a share,
Which I no wise intended,
Till their manners are mended,
And of that, God knows, there's no sign
I do therefore enjoin,
And do strictly command,
Of which witness my hand,
That nought I have got
Be brought into hotch-pot;
But I give and devise,
As much as in me lies,
To the son of my mother,
My own dear brother,
To have and to hold
All my silver and gold,
As the affectionate pledges
Of his brother, JOHN HEDGES.

The following letter from a gentleman to the judge of Probates, requesting him to grant him a letter of administration, on the death of his deceased father, is equal to the famous debate of the first legislature of Ohio concerning the *Aber-goynes*.

Letter—"Sir, my father died some days hence, leaving a widow and three scorpions besides me. He died insolent; leaving me his executioner. As I understand you are judge of Reprobates, I wish you to send me a letter of condemnation."

FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—The following case lately occurred under the care of M. Maury, at the hospital of St. Louis: A young man from the country, a laborer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years," said he, "since the accident occurred; since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience; constantly in motion, it traverses the stomach, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up into the left eye, when I have a distinct perception of its size and colour. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful, that I am obliged to constrain them, by seizing and squeezing it through the pirætes of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of circumstances connected with his internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing; yet, in all other respects he was perfectly rational. M. Maury, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed his conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was performed in the following manner:—In order to render the allusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen, the base of which was traversed by a bistoury, and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton, so as to be under the skin. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist, by seizing the head of the 'serpent,' and unite his efforts to those of the operator in extracting it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient, without having witnessed it. Next day he declared he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed; the cure was complete in a few days, and, what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was fearful that the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured that it was a male!

LUDICROUS SCENE.—In a scene which occurred in the Crown Court, during the late Gloucester Assizes, a countryman, who had been subpoenaed as a witness on the part of a prisoner, set the whole court in a roar of laughter. Matters proceeded very smoothly during his direct examination, and he made no objection to answer any question which was put to him on behalf of his friend in the dock, but after he had been subjected some time to the galling fire of a cross-examination by the Counsel for the prosecution, he became restive, and at length finding his stock of patience completely exhausted, he expressed his determination to answer no more questions from the same quarter in the following resolute terms:—"I wunt say no more—be dom'd if I do—I've a told you all I know's about it—and that's all I got to say, by G—!" When the Counsel for the prisoner again addressed him, he said, "Aye, I can speak to thee mon, but its impossible vor I to answer so money on ye, at wonce—as to the Lord—he up there—(pointing to the bench)—let un ax me as mony questions as un likes, and I'll answer un, but I'se can't talk to a lot of fellows all at once."

Weight of Revolutionary officers weighed at West Point, August 19, 1783:—Gen. Washington, 209 lbs. Gen. Lincoln, 224: Gen. Knox, 280: Gen. Huntington, 132: Gen. Greaton, 166: Col. Swift, 219: Col. Michael Jackson, 252: Col. Henry Jackson, 238: Lieut. Col. Huntington, 232: Lieut. Col. Cobb, 182: Lieut. Col. Humphreys, 221 lbs. The average weight is 214 lbs.

FOR THE ARIEL.
TO LAURENCE.

Come home, my dear Laurence, from exile away,
Nor stay till old age bears you down with decay;
All the maids will be married, the wise ones be fled,
And the ugly and silly I know you won't wed.
They tell me you keep most surprisingly fair—
That to parry the sun a broad beaver you wear!
But that's a mere tale, and shall closely be scanned:
When at home, dearest Laurence, you wish'd to be tann'd!
They say you speak loud, and are not so refined
As the day when you left—tho' I know you're as kind.
But, we'll polish you off, if you will but come home,
And cease for a season 'mid heathens to roam.
Come, and see our gallants, who fain would us win,
By training their whiskers quite under their chin—
Be-cloaked and mustach'd, so gay and so vain,
You might fancy King Charles had resumed his bold reign!
Come, and see our pink veils—Navarinos, as white
As the snow-drift, and almost as big, if not quite!
Our sleeves are so monstrous, (I am not in fun,)
We can't walk on few path-ways, except one by one!
We've an empty Arcade, a Pagoda quite new,
And a play-house in Arch street has risen to view,
Since you left us; but, tho' churches and houses are new,
Old friends and warm hearts are here waiting for you!

LAURENTIA.

FOR THE ARIEL.
TO A RED-BIRD,
JUST ESCAPED FROM ITS CAGE.

Oh, haste thee, simple bird, away!
Nor idly loit'ring wait,
Lest wily arts thy steps betray,
Back to thy prison-grate.
Oh, haste thee to thy friends again,
With heart as light and free!
Some of thy feather may remain
Who still remember thee.
Some loved companion of thy nest—
Some partner of thine own—
To waken pleasure in thy breast,
So long it has not known!
Then, haste thee, silly bird! thy vest
Has made concealment vain—
In scarlet's brightest colors drest,
'Then, haste thee to the plain!
Thy gaudy plumes unfit to hide
What beauty values most—
The excellence that pampers pride,
Its danger and its boast.
Yet, rest awhile within my bower,
Where none shall e'er invade,
Tho' they mistake thee for a flow'r
Among the green leaves' shade.
Hush, silly bird! nor raise thy voice,
'Tho' joyful it may be:
I will not doubt thy fondest choice
Must be for Liberty.
The sorrow that confinement 's given,
Thy little heart may break:
That liberty bestow'd by Heaven,
None has a right to take!
Even while my breast thy troubles rend,
Thy woe my thoughts engage—
Even now I see thee homeward bend,
And hover round thy cage!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Mr. Editor: Should you think with me, that the following selection merits preservation, please give it a place in your paper.

D. E. A.

Port Royal, Indiana.

SAPPIC ODE—WILLIAM PENN.

Go, stranger, to the mountain's height—in silence
Look down, and see the riches of the valley,
Far as the eye extends its lucid vision:
See happy farmers!

Health, the first blessing from the source of Nature,
With crimson beauty, blushing smiles of virtue,
Rush on the soul with more than earthly prescience,
Like inspiration!

"A still small voice" is heard from yonder city,
Soft as of angels talking to the Blessed!
"Penn lived a man!" He's gone from us forever!
Ended his labors!

"Peace" was his motto! See the land he planted—
Hath it not flourished? Draw thine own conclusions.
So shall thy soul find Peace! Science and Plenty
Shall crown thy labors!

Like incense on the wings of Love it trembled!
The polished city and the golden harvest
Rose like enchantment from the wilds of Nature—
Unfolding Eden!

See'st thou yon garden of celestial roses?
Those crimson'd lilies of the happy valley?
They spin, and weave, and understand the dairy—
Yea, teach refinement!

Hear Reason's voice—see Love's celestial vision—
Feel sweet caresses from the Parent Spirit!
This is Religion—Friendship's Holy Union!
Our Hope of Mercy!

AMINTAS.

FROM THE XENIA (OHIO) GAZETTE.
TO VIRTUE.

Not all the pomp and pageantry of power,
Or wealth, or splendor, or the sylvan bower—
Thrones nor dominions, with enchanting train—
Strike the pure heart like Virue's holy fane;
Nor beauty, with bewitching wiles impart
Her influence o'er a young and glowing heart—
Or fascinate the feelings of the mind—

Judgment and worth, and modesty refined.
Enliven'd hopes of blissful days appear,
Nor clouds o'er shade the bright perennial year,
In yonder world—where heavenly pleasures dwell,
Hither in joy than Peru's golden cell;
Array'd in spotless robes, around the throne—
Holi-r and brighter than the dawning sun.
Thine is the power, pure Virtue, thus to throw
Around a halo of exquisite glow,
Charms that increase when blessings ever flow!
Such is thy worth, and such the potent spell—
Such the pure joys which virtuous bosoms swell—
Inspired by Hope, their happy moments roll,
Matured in VIRTUE, which delights the soul!

LEON.

MISCELLANY.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE OF GEN. KNOX.—Not long before his death, Col. Pickering related, with much enthusiasm, the following incident, as proof of the generous nobleness of soul for which Gen. Knox was eminent. When Gen. Knox was first in command of the troops from Massachusetts, and Col. Pickering second, intelligence reached the army that John Hancock had been elected first Governor of the Commonwealth. Col. P. rode immediately to confer with Gen. K. upon the propriety of calling a meeting of the officers of the Massachusetts line, for the purpose of preparing an address to their honored fellow citizen, expressive of the approbation with which they regarded his election. Gen. K. said that it had also occurred to him that such a tribute of respect would be highly honorable to the Massachusetts line, and to the Governor, as it would be in the power of Hancock to afford important aid to the army in his executive capacity; he was himself just going to consult Col. P. upon the expediency of making suitable arrangements immediately. They accordingly agreed that a meeting of the Mass. officers should be held that same evening, at Gen. K.'s quarters. At the meeting, Knox stated to the officers the object for which they had been called together; and after portraying the eminent worth of the Governor, and the reasons which should induce them to make known to him their sentiments, upon his elevation to the chief magistracy of their native state, he said to them—that, as he tho't it important, the address, if agreed upon, should be sent on immediately, in order to reach Boston by the day of the election, and as his quarters were so much scattered that he had not been able to consult them, and thought that none of them might be prepared with an address, he had put down a few thoughts; which, with their leave, he would read and submit to them. When he had finished, he threw the address down upon the table, and with all the pride and diffidence of authorship, awaited the remarks of the meeting. The composition of Knox was quite inflated and bombastic. Col. P. anticipating the result, had also sketched his own plan of an address. He rose and said, that the same reasons which had induced his senior officer to anticipate the wishes of the meeting, had led him to prepare a draft, which he proceeded to read.

As soon as Col. P. had finished reading, and before a word had been spoken by any one, Gen. Knox extended his huge, mutilated hand, and in a calm, but firm voice, said, "I vote for Col. Pickering's address," caught up his own, and coolly tore it in pieces.

MOTHERS.—A pious, intelligent, and faithful mother, is the greatest earthly blessing that a merciful providence can bestow on a child. If she performs her duty, her offspring will rise up and call her blessed. It is evident from the biographies of Washington and Dwight, that their intellectual moral greatness was derived from the blessing of heaven on the instruction and advice of their mothers.

The same is no doubt true of many, if not all the worthies of our land and the benefactors of our race.

DIRECTIONS TO HOT PEOPLE.—Now-a-days, nobody is cool—every face is as red as a beet, and every man's blood is hot enough to boil an egg. What is to be done? *Imprimis*—keep your temper—it will never do to get in a passion at this season—reserve your wrath until the next frost, and you may then blaze away as much as you please. Secondly, rise early, even before the sun, and enjoy his astonishment at seeing himself beat. Wash your whole body, put on clean linen, and take a slow walk of twenty minutes and fifteen seconds. Don't jump out of the way at any sudden alarm—it is much better to be quietly run over by a cart or two than to jump into a fever. Sit down to breakfast moderately—don't bolt into your chair as if you were thrown out of a third story window. Drink no coffee; it is too heating—tea or milk you may take in any quantity: but eat no meat as you eschew caloric—every mouthful is an incipient firebrand. A little bread, (and, if you are in love, a cold potato,) dejeuner. Eat slowly, and beguile the time by reading the Courier and Enquirer. It will always put you in a good humor, and your smiles are very becoming. Put on a white hat, and away to your place of business. If any thing has gone wrong, don't scold—scolding is allowed only in winter. If you meet any friends on the way, give a gentle look of recognition, but do not bow, or say "good morning"—talking is very exciting. If you can, conveniently, meet with a little misfortune, do so—melancholy is very cooling, and what is more, it makes others cool towards you. You thus gain considerable comfort from their icy reflection.

"As the day grows warm and high," you become thirsty. You are afraid to drink cold water—you therefore mix a little brandy (or a good deal) with it, to prevent any bad consequences—you put in a lump of ice, and quaff it off without ceremony. You goose! cold brandy-and-water, taken suddenly on your stomach, is just as dangerous as cold water—so is cold punch—cold anything else—so would a parcel of cold live coals be, if you could freeze them. Your best beverage is claret and water—you may cool it, if you please, but you must sip it very gradually. We mean real *bona-fide* claret—none of your poke-berry juice, which is absolute poison.

Do not eat much dinner—animal food puts the lion in a fever, and so will it serve man. If you find that you have much appetite, eat a lump of sugar, or take a walk in the kitchen just before the table is set. The best thing for you is a little hash and mashed potatoes—it saves a good deal of labor for the jaws. You may smoke two segars afterwards—the smoke warms your mouth, and causes a rush of air into it which overbalances the artificial heat. In the evening you may read a novel or listen to music—it must be slow music, however—the "Dead March in Saul," or something like it. "Yankee Doodle" would put you in a fever in five minutes. Go to bed early—leave your windows open—the free, pure air never harms any body that is used to it, and if you are not, it is high time that you were. Take as many airs upon you as you can—the hen sits all the summer nights upon the fence and takes no cold. Are you not ashamed to be more delicate than a hen?—*N. Y. Courier.*

The exercise of the faculties in *composing*, whether in prose or poetry, has a wonderful effect in strengthening and facilitating their operations. It is for this reason that the composition of letters, de-

clamations, disputes and orations, form an essential part of education in all well-conducted seminaries of learning. In attending public instruction, young men are taught by their masters, but in committing their thoughts to paper they instruct themselves. "The man," says Dr. Clarke, "who wishes to become eminent in any profession, must read much, think much, write much"—those best of the exercises of the mind of which it is capable. Dr. Priestley made it a constant practice to write upon every subject which he wished to understand perfectly, and to his thirst for extensive and accurate knowledge may be ascribed, in part, his numerous publications. Even wit is drawn from the end of the fingers by means of the inkstand. Dr. Arbuthnot, the friend of Swift, never said a witty thing in company; but his miscellaneous writings show that he possessed that talent in an eminent degree.

SISTERS AND MOTHERS.—There are ties which, like the invisible ties of conscience, bind man to the world with kinder affection, and are the last things forgotten when one leaves life. The married situation may be one of pure and uninterrupted felicity; there may be no cloud in its whole happy horizon; it may be ever sunny, and flowers spring up in every season of life. But even these happy ones, who are in this clime of bliss, remember long and late the claims of a sister or a mother to their best affections. In the life of the solitary and single, those who are said to be doomed to an *ennui* loneliness, the claims of a sister and a mother should hold strongly, not only upon their feelings but duties. Those kindnesses which men bestow upon their offspring and their wives, who possess them, and in them concentrate their best affections, are given by the unmarried to those who bear to them these sacred relations. In loving a sister there is none of that earthliness of passion which degrades the heart—in the devotion due to a mother, comes none of the selfishness of men.—The feelings inspired by both sister and mother are all derived from sources as pure as the divinity that inspired them.

FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.—Plutarch tells a story of a Lacedæmonian who had killed his father and escaped discovery; some time after, being in company, he darted his spear into a nest of swallows. When asked the reason of that unaccountable action, his answer was, "that he thought those swallows were reproaching him for his father's death." The oddness of this answer begat suspicion, discovery, conviction, and punishment.

Ninety years hence, not a single man or woman now twenty years of age will be alive. Ninety years! alas! how many of the present lively actors on the stage of life will make their exit long ere ninety years shall have rolled away! And could we be sure of ninety years, what are they? "A tale that is told," a dream; an empty sound that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advances in age: like the degrees in longitude, man's life declines as he travels towards the frozen pole, until it dwindles to a point, and vanishes forever. Is it possible that life is of so short duration? Will ninety years erase all the golden names over the doors in town and country, and substitute others in their stead? Will all the now blooming beauties then fade and disappear; all the pride and passion, the love, hope and joy, pass away, in ninety years, and be forgotten?—"Ninety years!" says Death, "do you think I shall wait ninety years? Behold, to-day, and to-morrow, and every day is mine. When ninety years are past, this generation shall have mingled with dust, and be remembered not."

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

The celebrated dog Billy died, we are told, of a *broken heart*. He found all his efforts at *rat-killing* were unavailing, and discovered that in spite of his valor and perseverance the breed was rapidly increasing, especially about the Houses of Parliament. The *Pittites* intend wearing weepers for the loss of their favorite champion.

MOUTH PLAISTERS.—We earnestly call the attention of such of our females who are in the habit of walking out after dark to the following alarming intelligence:—A brown paper parcel was last week received at the coach office, which, as the address could not be deciphered, was, after various inquiries, opened by the competent authorities. The contents were a letter, with the same illegible address, along with six mouth-plaisters of remarkably tenacious quality. In the note, the writer apprised his correspondent that the young woman had arrived safe, in very good condition, and well packed. He had therefore sent him six more plaisters, and hoped to be favored with another remittance soon, as he considered Windsor an excellent place for carrying on the trade.—N. B. Young women much preferred, but in default of them, middle-aged ones would do. The old ones not saleable at any price. Be sure to pack, as before, in saw-dust.—*Express*.

The *Precorseur* of Lyons mentions a most atrocious instance of cold-blooded vengeance that lately took place near Bensacon. Some men, anxious to revenge themselves on a young girl, decoyed her to a lone house, where they heated a cast iron stove till it was red hot, and then made her sit upon it. The unfortunate girl was so dreadfully burnt, that she survived the brutal treatment only two or three days.

SINGULAR VERDICT.—At the Galway assizes, John Lyons was tried for the murder of his wife and infant son, and was found guilty. One of the jury, however, having recommended the prisoner to mercy, they again deliberated for a short time, and then brought in a verdict of acquittal.

We learn from an Irish gentleman, lately come from the South of Ireland, that the lower class of the Catholics are impressed with a belief that the Relief Bill will in some way—they scarcely know how—materially improve their condition. They are no doubt right in their general expectations, but some of them have curious notions in the way in which Emancipation will operate. An amusing instance of this was related to us by our friend, as follows:—"A laborer in Cork got drunk, and sallied out into the streets in a very pugnacious humor. One of the city magistrates, who was on the spot, seeing that the man wanted some one to fight him, and that a crowd was gathering, went up to him and advised him to go home, saying that if he did not he would be doing something he would regret afterwards, or something would be done to him that he would regret. "Och," said Paddy, "what is there that I can regret now? sure and we're emancipated." "Well, my good fellow," said the magistrate, "and what do you mean to do now that you are emancipated?" "Och," replied the man, "sure and I'll bind my son to a judge!"

TWO GEESE.—Mr. Burnet, Craigella-chie Inn, Elgin, has a goose, nearly a year old, that has formed so strong an attachment towards him as to follow him to any distance, and through the crowds and bustle of High street. A few days since the kindly animal followed him down the street, and into a hair dresser's shop, where it patiently waited until its master

was shaved, after which it accompanied him on another visit into the shop of a friend, and then proceeded home with him cheek-by-jowl. The goose is so well acquainted with Mr. Burnet that it readily recognizes him in whatever dress he may appear. It even knows his voice when he is not to be seen, and no sooner does he speak than it responds to him in its own unintelligible dialect—a dialect pretty much resembling the oratory of a Welchman when he attempts to spout with a hot potatoe in his mouth.

Last week, while a strolling company of actors were performing *Romeo and Juliet*, in a temporary theatre in Lincolnshire, in that part of the tragedy where Juliet exclaims, "Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?" the Nurse, another performer, answered, "He's just stepped across the road, my dear, to get a pint of beer."

An old man, 102 years of age, has published in the Netherlands a small but very curious work, entitled, "Respecting the Perfection and Happiness of the Married States." He quotes his own case in support of his doctrines. This defender of marriage was born in 1727, and was thrice married, namely, at the age of 24, of 30, and of 50 years. The number of his descendants amounts to 127.

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.—At Exeter Assizes an action was brought, in which the actual sum sought to be recovered turned out to be only *three farthings*! On this important case two Sergeants and three Barristers were employed, and, after all, the question was left undecided, as a juror was withdrawn.

The inhabitants of Chepstow were, at an early hour on Monday last, on foot, to witness the almost obsolete ceremony of doing penance to the parish church of that town. A Mr. Clatworthy, a baker of that place, having been prosecuted in the Episcopal Court of the Bishop of Landaff, for speaking too freely of the character of the wife of one of his neighbors, and having put in an affirmative issue to the libel on the complainant's behalf, was decreed to pass this ordeal, and to pay the costs.

PLEASANT HOURS.

I do not like the company at all
Of musty sages; and their parchment leaves,
Revealing learning's store to prying fools,
Are useless all to one who nature loves,
And holds communion with the living streams,
The dashing fountains and the sun-set clouds,
The curtains of the splendid firmament.
Thank Heavens! I have a soul to love God's works,
And man's long-hoarded store of knowledge is
But to be sensible how small that is.
And I had rather see how beautiful
And fair this seeming paradise of earth,
Was made for mortal, than to lose its charms
By wasting precious health o'er ponderous tomes.

When the red sun is waking in the east,
And thousands variegated clouds appear
Bright in the far horizon, when the dew,
Like beauty's tear, is flashing on the rose,
And the melodious birds are offering
Their morning lay of praise to him who made
In his all-seeing wisdom this fair earth,
And the bright water-courses to the sun
Are whispering in pleasant voices, then
I love to climb the lofty mountain crag,
And gazing, with an eye of wonder, o'er
Rock, valley, sounding river, dashing fount,
And ev'ry feature of the lovely scenes,
Pour forth my soul in deep-felt gratitude.
For it is like a pleasant dream to gaze
Upon a scene so very fair; it seems
Like the rich scenery our fancy paints
As ornamenting Eastern fairy-land.

I love all Heaven's gifts; and there is one
A feeling heart will prize above them all.

'Tis woman,—for her gentle smile will soothe
The bitter passages of human life;
And when Hope's gayest colors gild the scene
Of our existence, her delightful smile
Will make our pleasures still more exquisite.
That woman ne'er was virtuous—there are
I never can believe what cynics say, [some,
A few, whose virtues might instruct the world
In peace and innocence—and happy they
Who win the cheering smile of such. The rest
Are beings who esteem this world as made
But for one round of pleasure, and as such,
Let them enjoy it—but for those who love
Purely and nobly, whom the intellect,
Undying and immortal, leads through life,
A better world for them there is, and when
The bitterness of human woe is o'er,
A brighter realm receives them in its breast
And folds about them like Affection's clasp.

I said I was not made for study dull,
That life had charms for me, and so it is.
I will not, when the glorious night comes down
Enchanting with its splendor, bend me o'er
The heavy tomes of dark antiquity;
And Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, [touched,
May rest upon their cobweb'd thrones, un-
And like a harp neglected lie, for me.
When night comes down, I love to hie me forth
And wander by the ocean in the light [us.
The bright, resplendent moon pours down for
Then do I lift in gratitude my voice,
And gazing on fair nature's tracery,
Smile at the care and toil of man who heaps
Columns and palaces with foolish care.
They moulder into dust—but still there lives
Unchanged, unchanging in life's rugged course,
The everlasting ocean and the hills,
The monuments of God's own handywork.
Nature to me has charms, the world has charms.
To win me from complaining, and while joy
Effaces, with its magic touch, all woe,
While woman smiles, and music sheds its sweet
And holy influence, I do not care
To leave this world, but when the time shall
come
That I must quit the hopes, the joys, the
woes,
And all the fickleness of mortal life,
I can rejoice, and brighter realms will rise,
Like pleasure's dreams before my happy gaze;
And but one starting tear, one fond regret
Will wring my heart, and I shall look upon
The ghastly brow of Death in calmness, for
I know him but the messenger who makes
The rugged path but one which all must tread,
The passage to Eternity.

CONSTANCY.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or truer than the rest,
For I would change each hour like them,
Were it my interest.

But I'm so fixt alone to thee,
By every thought I have,
That, should you now my heart set free,
'T would be again your slave.

All that in woman I adored,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Not to thy virtue, but thy power,
This constancy is due;
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SONG.

To love thee was the easiest task
Affection ever taught me;
But now I'm forced with smiles to mask
The woe that task has wrought me.
I saw thee fond, and thought thee true,
And swiftly flew my hours:
But, oh! I wove a wreath of rue,
Which I mistook for flowers.

Then go, deceiver, haste away,
To me be lost for ever—
Since I am doom'd to hail the day
That shall our fortunes sever.
Yes, go, nor let me see again
That smile, love's treach'rous token,
Lest I once more resume my chain,
And this poor heart be broken.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE ARIEL.

SCENE—A SCHOOL ROOM.

NOVEMBER, 1827.

Enter Mrs. X—.

Mrs. X.—Good morning, ladies.

TEACHER.—Good morning, Madam.

Mrs. X.—Dear me, what a cold morning; is not your fire very low, Miss A?

TEACHER.—I believe not, ma'am; you are perhaps chilly.

Mrs. X.—Oh no; that was one reason why I called on you to-day. What fuel do you intend to burn this winter?

TEACHERS, (with surprise.)—Wood, certainly! We purpose burning wood, as usual.

Mrs. X.—I'm sorry to hear that. I am very sorry—for in that case I must remove my daughters. Their Papa says it will injure their health in so cold a room so many hours. We burn coal, and Mr. X. has a thermometer to regulate the heat. Our parlor always has a temperature of 76° Fahrenheit: So Miss A. & E., unless you have a coal stove, and keep your room warm, we must take our girls away until Spring. Exit.

Miss A.—Well, E. what shall we do? burn coal? The X's are good pay!!

Miss E.—Our stove is calculated to burn either coal or wood—suppose we try the Lehigh?

Enter Mr. G—, a friend and patron.

Mr. G.—Well, Ladies! what a warm room you have—do, pray, open one of your green-house windows, in pity to your little *Exotics*.

TEACHERS (speaking together.)—Mr. G—, what do you think of our burning coal?

Mr. G.—Think? why I think very badly of it. Why, Ellen will be paler than ever, if you do so—the poor child did nothing but cough when we burned it last winter. Good morning, Ladies;—(coming back)—take my advice: burn wood, or you will all be dying of catarrh before the end of the winter.

Enter Mr. W—, relation of Miss A.'s.

Mr. W.—Pugh! pugh! what a suffocating hole—(a room, Mr. Editor, fifty feet deep)—pooh! I tell ye what, if I had to do with this establishment, I'd knock a hole fore and aft, to act as a ventilator. I wouldnt have my girl stowed away in such a place for the best ship in port. Exit.

Enter a Lady, coming to place her daughter at school.

LADY.—Good morning, madam—good morning, young ladies. What nice little girls! What a lovely warm room. You'd like to come to this school, would you not, 'Lizabeth? Well, you have a charming room. What do you learn here, do you learn 'em to paint? (The child could hardly spell.)

Interrupted by a black man.—Mrs P. desires her compliments—please to let Master Frank keep his coat on till the room gets warm, you keep it too cold.

Thus it is, Mr. Editor, not only in this respect, but the same contrariety of opinions exists, respecting grammars and geographies—punishments and indulgences. If this statement will bring some of my tormentors to reason, you will confer an invaluable favor by publishing the grievances of

MENTORIA.

THE ARIEL.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27.

An Agent for the Saturday Bulletin and Ariel is wanted in Lancaster, Penn., also, in Bethlehem and Easton. Liberal terms will be given to any competent gentleman in each of these places, who will volunteer to act as such.

The Editor of the Providence Evening Gazette stands convicted of an act of pitiful plagiarism, in publishing under the editorial head the review of Shipp's Memoirs, taken from the last Ariel.

Philadelphia.—Much has been said, and more written, of late, respecting the present condition of this city, and its future prospects. It is affirmed, and with truth, that she never enjoyed fairer ones, and has no reason to be discontented, on a just comparison with her neighbors. To those who know the resources of our own state, nothing like puffing is necessary to impress them with a certainty of her future prosperity. To us it appears that we are at this moment in the situation of a father who expects at the right time a second heir, and who, if he is like most men of our acquaintance, declines speaking too pointedly upon his prospects. In other words, we ought not to count our chickens before they are hatched. Our state is making great exertions for the benefit of the city as well as country; and when her exertions shall have been rewarded with success: when we have millions of tons of produce flowing to our doors from the Lakes, and from all the Western States; when a Canal collector can receive \$5,000 a day at one lock; then Philadelphia will increase to double its present size, and then we may descend upon her prospects and prosperity, and use the flowing terms so much in vogue in other places. At present, we ought to be content with what we are; and really, it does appear to us we have abundant occasion to congratulate each other, even upon our present condition. Situated in the central climate of the Union, while we are not subjected to greater extremes of heat than our Canadian neighbors, we have less of the severity of winter than they, without the more unstable and variable weather of the South. If we are more subject to consumptive complaints, than our southern frontiers, we are less so than the residents of New York; and in addition, possess the attraction of superior markets, and better water than any place on the Continent. We should feel very willing to rest here, but the expanding and ever restless hand of man has projected improvements in other quarters, to keep pace with which we must also exert ourselves. An era is approaching our city, which will materially change its character and population. Already some of our extensive merchants have formed connexions in the interior for the transaction of inland Commerce. Flour, lumber, coal, and produce generally, now occupy the attention of capitalists, who were contented formerly to leave the risk and profit of its transportation to Baltimore, to the uncertain freshets and unintelligent, as well as uncalculating heads of river boatmen. The facilities afforded in consequence of this change, are numerous and important. Rail roads extend to the coal beds, constructed either with private funds or companies. Legislative enactments are procured by the industry and perseverance of individuals, and every stream, and almost every County, is penetrated with Canals. The best market is sought for and found, money circulates to the extreme points of our state, which formerly lay dead in the vaults of the Banks, and in consequence, some reduction has evidently taken place in the city capital—such as was useless, however, and it has gone forth to the interior, to return with increased force. We will not "count" too much upon these things, however, but await their accomplishment.

The above remarks were elicited by perusing in the daily papers several notices of our future prospects, and we intended to allude to them, to call attention to the present plan of filling up the city-plot with mean and unwholesome crowded buildings. Does an avaricious man own a small lot now-a-days, he builds a city of his own upon it, and perhaps a parcel of residences which the negroes of Africa would despise and burn down. We could

point to numerous sites of this kind, as well as to their owners. The other day, having occasion to visit one of them, to find a sick and needy individual, we took an accurate survey of the premises. The front of the lot, which was 21 feet, was occupied by a dram-shop, with its window sparkling in all the killing attractions of brandy, gin, and rum. Entering the three-feet wide alley, we found a row of sham three story brick buildings, each 11 feet wide, and one room deep, backing upon the adjoining lot, and consequently deprived of all light and air in the rear. The sensation on walking along was stifling, and scarcely four feet being allowed for the alley from the houses to the fence. Looking up, we found that the next lot had been served in the same manner; and here on two small lots was congregated a population of at least 150, and very probably near twice that number of human beings! We could not but think of the slave ships, and hardly knew which had the advantage in comparison. Such buildings must be unwholesome, and ought to be forbidden by the Corporation. In the present instance, a high wall blocked up the end of the alley, and no one could be admitted, except through the three feet front and from the sky. In the grog-shop's front, resides the agent of the proprietor, who either looks up the alley at night, to keep the tenants from moving away, or else sleeps with one eye open to prevent escape. He is the tyrant of this little city—vends rum and disease—gets his subjects into debt, seizes and sacrifices their furniture! He then rents furnished lodgings at an extortionate advance upon the owner of the house! This is no overdrawn picture, it is fact, and most horrible it is, yet all under the control of mild Philadelphia laws! We have heard an anecdote of a lazy man having grown so fat during a residence in one of these courts, that he could not get out. This pleasant place is ever since called Squeezegut court. Another is Buzzard's roost; no doubt in allusion to the bird who is famous for these alleys. What sort of a place they are for sick children in the hot weather, we leave to the conception of our readers. Court house in Philadelphia means a house up a court—some of which are very handsome, neat, comfortable, and as airy as most of those in the main streets; while it is only the abuse of building too many, and in too confined places, that we object to.

The following, we believe, is a correct recitation of all the bequests made by the late Frederick Kohne, Esq.:

To the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, established near Greenwich, in the state of New York,	\$100,000
Domestic Foreign Missionary Society of the Prot. Epis. Church in the U. S.	10,000
Society of the Prot. Epis. Church, South Carolina,	5,000
Ladies' Benevolent Soc'y, Charleston, S.C.	5,000
Shirras Dispensary, do.	10,000
Bishop's Fund, in South Carolina,	5,000
Female Episcopal Benevolent Society of St. James's Church, Philadelphia, for the use of the Poor of that Church,	3,000
Philadelphia Dispensary,	10,000
Female Association of Philadelphia,	5,000
Orphan Society, Philadelphia,	60,000
Infant School, in Philadelphia,	5,000
Charleston Prot. Epis. Domestic Missionary Society, which employs as their Missionary the Rev. Edward Phillips,	10,000
Mariners' Church, Charleston, S.C.	5,000
House of Refuge, Philadelphia,	100,000
Society of the Prot. Epis. Church for the advancement of Christianity, Pennsylv'a.	5,000
Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf & Dumb,	20,000
General Episcopal Sunday School Union,	20,000
	\$378,000

and two houses in Bay street, Charleston, to the Orphan House in that city.

After making a handsome provision to Mrs. Kohne, his kindred, and some friends and servants, the residue of his estate is bequeathed to his Executors in trust, for distribution to such charities, in Pennsylvania and South Carolina, as they may deem most beneficial to mankind, provided part of the colored population of each of the said states of Pennsylvania and South Carolina shall partake thereof.

Story Telling.—Every body knows that half the good of a story lies in the manner of telling. The Boston Gazette gives us an example, on pa-

per, of the fact. Here is a simple story of a man losing his cravat, told in the best possible manner:

"A ludicrous affair occurred in a hair-dresser's shop in the vicinity of our office yesterday morning. A respectable merchant dropping in as usual to have his beard annihilated, and disencumbering his neck of a fine white cravat, took up the Courier, and commenced reading an article headed 'effects of the tariff.' Having finished reading the sensible remarks of our neighbor Buckingham, (who, by-the-by, is beginning to open his eyes to the destructive effects of the bill of abominations,) our mercantile friend submitted his chin to the 'searching operation' of the knight of the razor, who, unlike many of his contemporaries, shaves, but never bleeds his customers. Everything went on smoothly; the gentleman had a clean shave, a wet sponge was drawn lightly over his face, and he rose from his seat with a merry heart; but on looking round for his cravat, mirabile dictu! it was missing—it had vanished into thin air. The barber and his customers were confused, thunderstruck—no traces of the aforesaid fine white cravat were to be seen, but in its place was discovered an unpretending piece of figured calico, which had been left there by a country representative, who, in the hurry of business, had mistaken a snow drift for a hay stack, and accidentally appropriated to his own use the property of another. This mistake can be accounted for only in two ways—the gentleman who took the cravat of our friend is either near-sighted, or opposed to a tax that shall bear with equal severity upon the towns in the interior and those on the sea-board."

As a conclusion, we insert another good story, which has the equally valuable merit of being short:

"An ambitious monk, who was the son of a fisherman, kept his father's nets hanging before him in his cell as an evidence of his humility. This show of humble piety gained him such reverence that, by a few short steps, he was advanced to a bishop's dignity. In the most splendid halls of his palace the nets were again hung up, and the Bishop was still the most humble of men. His reward was a Cardinal's hat. The modest Cardinal still preserved his father's nets, and it was not long until he became POPE. They were then discarded. On being asked why he no longer retained them, he answered, 'Fools! I have no longer any use for them—the fish is caught.'"

Shameful.—A few days ago, as one of the steamboats came to the wharf at Bordentown, a very respectably dressed female asked a poor woman, who stood by, to hold her infant a few minutes, while she went round the town to look for lodgings. The woman so requested took the child; but waited in vain for the return of its unfeeling mother. She had abandoned it at the tender age of three weeks, to the questionable mercy of a stranger! The woman with whom the child was left, is named Grant; she resides at Burlington, and is poorly able to maintain it, having a house-full of her own children already. She brought the little disowned one home with her, and intends taking care of it as her own. How striking the contrast between such benevolence, in a quarter where it could have been least expected, and the deliberate casting off of the helpless innocent by her to whom alone it ought to look for nourishment and affection.

PHILADELPHIA, AND ITS PROSPECTS.

The law requires, says the National Gazette, an enumeration of the taxable inhabitants of Philadelphia every seven years. This took place last year, when the increase was found to be almost nine thousand five hundred, in the city and county. This, at five for one, (the customary average,) gives forty seven thousand five hundred, of which number forty thousand may be put down to the city and suburbs, and will, by consequence, make the whole population of Philadelphia one hundred and sixty thousand.

More than nine hundred miles of canals and rail roads are finished or under contract in Pennsylvania at this moment, all leading to the Philadelphia market. The usefulness of that portion of these works which is finished, was shown last spring by the great increase of sales made to the western traders. When the whole is completed, the agricultural and mineral riches of the state will be developed, and cause an accession of trade too vast to be correctly estimated.

The River Schuylkill, the banks of which are under good cultivation, offers a fair specimen of the minerals to be found in the counties through which the internal improvements of the state pass. Along the stream are sand-stone, soap-stone, limestone, marble, lead, zinc, iron ore, and coal.

Last week the Schuylkill Navigation Company received about four thousand dollars for seven days' tolls, and the Union Canal one thousand.

Fifteen thousand tons of coal have been brought

to market in five hundred and forty five boats, by that route, since the first week in April.

The canal is open in March: the Erie canal near Buffalo was not navigable this year until the 20th of May.

I am informed that fourteen vessels are employed between this and New Orleans. They are generally freighted with packages of dry goods, which are destined to ascend the Mississippi and its tributary streams, to every town or village, accessible by water in the west-ru states.

The increase in the value of real estate, in the city and liberties, in the last three years, arising principally from new buildings, is about four millions of dollars; and the number of private baths, with an unrestricted quantity of water, is about fifteen hundred.

To view this beautiful city every stranger should ascend the State House steeple. Here, at a glance, may be surveyed the splendid public walks, magnificent lines of streets, and vast mass of nearly thirty thousand houses.

The abundant supply of Philadelphia in every comfort and luxury of life makes it by 50 per cent. a cheaper residence than any large city in the United States.

There are in Philadelphia nine great hotels, in which are laid from forty to seventy plates at the dinner table when the western merchants come here to make their purchases, and a multitude of minor ones of great respectability.

It will be gratifying to the public, who have but one feeling of sympathy on the occasion of the decease of our late valuable fellow citizen, Samuel Mifflin, Esq. to be informed that his correct judgment and prudence had led him to make an insurance on his life, to the amount of seven thousand dollars. We understand this insurance was effected in the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, and that this sum was promptly paid to the executors of the deceased, for the benefit of his interesting family.

THE ELEPHANT.—The Indiana Western Times states that the large elephant, Tippoo Sultan, which was exhibited in that place last week, escaped from his keepers, in the night, unnoticed; and after reconnoitering the country around, removing such fences, trees, and other light articles as came in his way, the old gentleman ceased his perambulations about a mile from town, where he was found the next morning quietly resting himself. On leaving Richmond, one of the drivers seemed to be in a greater hurry than was agreeable, when his majesty, by way of a hint, gave him and his horse such a rap with trunk as upset them both, and the horse was so severely injured by the blow, that he was killed by his owner, on the spot. After the horse fell, Tippoo placed his foot on the little animal, as a cat would on a mouse.

A huge Kentuckian.—A London paper mentions the appearance in Nicholasville, Kentucky, of a most extraordinary being in the shape of a man. He was sixteen feet high. John Bull had best say no more of the deterioration of the human species in America: if he believes his own stories, he had better be civil the next time he goes to Kentucky.

Disappeared.—The Editor of the New York Commercial Gazette, speaking of the union of the Enquirer and Morning Courier, and the pledge of the new alliance to support the Republican party, says: "We belong to that party ourselves, but have lately been unable to find it." What an ungrateful wretch this same republican party must be, to desert its good friends after this fashion!

"Going for the whole."—The Tythingmen of Marblehead, Mass. have offered a suitable reward "to any person or persons who will give sufficient information of any person or persons selling ardent spirits contrary to law—or of any person having a license to sell ardent spirits, allowing the same to be drunk in his or her house—or of any tavern-keeper or grocer allowing gambling in their houses or shops—or of any tavern-keeper allowing any person belonging to the town to be drinking and spending the Lord's day in his or her house."

By a census recently taken, it appears that the whole number of qualified voters in the territory of Arkansas is 4761. From this we should suppose that the whole population of the territory cannot be less than thirty thousand.

At five in the morning the gravel walks of Washington Square are sprinkled with a few ladies, who venture forth from their pent-up chambers, to snuff up the morning air, and ruralize upon the mystery of hay-making. But the walks are only *sprinkled*—for the ladies seem to entertain a horror of early rising, notwithstanding our neighbor over the way has held out upon its benefits with such touching pathos. In the evening, however, the Square is alive. You may traverse it an hour, and be certain of getting tired—in which event, as a prudent Corporation has not yet given any benches to repose upon, and even forbid you to squat a moment on the grass, you can make yourself easy by setting on your thumb—it being the *Aandiest* for that purpose. If you take a squalling brat with you, so much the better—it will help to amuse other brats, and be entertaining to the company around you. Should you stay an hour or two longer, the State House will strike ten—whereupon the guardians of the night will sound their bells, and by order of the Corporation, ring you out, as much as to say it is time for honest folks to be at home.

Mere Pleasantry.—Our witty neighbor of the Evening Post has reviewed Mrs. Royall's new book in his last paper. We also meant to furnish a few extracts, but were unable to lay hands upon it. The Post, in spite of what the Editor calls his characteristic modesty, ventures to give the following extract—to republish which, had we been the personage alluded to, would have staggered even our modesty—

"I had as yet seen but few of my friends the editors, and learning two of them were near Mr. L's store, which is in Chesnut near Fourth st. a little back, I hastened to pay my respects to Mr. Atkinson, Editor of the Evening Post, and the Editor of the Chronicle. Mr. A. is below stairs, and the Chronicle above. Atkinson is a small, but noble, good-hearted man, quite a gentleman, easy and friendly in his manners. [!!!] I was much struck with the reception I met with from him, and must say he gained much upon my esteem. I was also much pleased, as I was glad to see the Editor of the Chronicle, and mutual congratulations were interchanged between us."

It appears, however, that this very pleasant "interchange of soft opinions" was somewhat marred, as appears in the next paragraph—

"Shortly after this, however, I saw a very bitter and ungentlemanly article in the Chronicle, against myself, which, and another in the Ariel, I ascribed to my friend Walsh, as no other, except a missionary, would be guilty of such meanness and falsehood."

One good turn deserves another, and as this travelling beggar has thus bestowed a notice upon us, if we can get a copy of her *Pennsylvania*, we may say a word of it in our next.

The New-York Journal of Commerce states:

"An interesting little boy, three or four years old, came passenger in the Swiftsure, which arrived about 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, (10th inst.) from Albany, accompanied by his mother, a Mrs. Sloat, 86 Bowery. On reaching the wharf she immediately went home, leaving her infant and baggage on board, and intending to return for them before the departure of the boat at 5 o'clock—from which, however, she was prevented by sickness. In the mean time the child was taken with a violent fit of that most distressing disorder, the croup; and being without a protector, every possible attention was paid to it by the captain and crew, two of whom proceeded in different directions to procure a physician. After several fruitless calls, the gentlemen being from home, they both succeeded in their attempt, and two physicians were accordingly in attendance. The child was by this time removed to a neighboring house, (where it was humanely received and most kindly treated,) the captain having delayed the departure of his boat for fifteen or twenty minutes, in the hope of being able to commit the little sufferer into the hands of its mother. Those who had interested themselves in its behalf now felt their anxiety removed, expecting that the claims of humanity would be regarded, and such relief afforded by the physicians as they were able to bestow. What then was their surprise, when they saw them retire, after asking if the child had any friends, or something to that effect, 'without making any prescription, or giving any advice, except that it had better be taken to the Hospital!'"

"Is it possible that, in a case like this, they should have been influenced by the paltry consideration of fees, (which, by the way, would have been cheerfully paid by the captain or agent, if necessary,) when it was more than probable that the adminis-

tration of an emetic, or some other prescription which they could have given in ten words, would have removed all present danger, and mitigated sufferings painful to behold? We cannot and will not believe it.

"Soon after the departure of the physicians, a messenger came for the child, and conveyed it in great agony to its anxious mother. Scarcely, however, had she time to look upon it, and take it into her arms, when it breathed its last! It was buried on Thursday afternoon."

The apathy displayed by these sons of Æsculapius, while it deserves the most marked censure, reminds us of an anecdote, which was told us as fact, of two physicians in the same city, who were called to consult about a sick man's case. A friend of the family, who thought that consultations were very serious and grave affairs, placed himself under the bed in the room where the consultation was to be held. The doctors marched in very solemnly, and the door being shut, "Well," says Dr. A. "Dr. B. what do you think of my new horse—cost only \$300?" "Why," says Dr. B. "he's a fine animal—I'll give you \$350 for him." "No," says A. "I wouldn't take 500;" and so the conversation was kept up for some time. At last, Dr. A. says: "I think this poor fellow 'll die." "Yes," says B. "he's a gone chicken!" Good morning; you'll be at the club to-night!" It so happened that our listener was executor to the patient, who, sure enough *did* die; and the consulting bill being presented, which was only \$100 a-piece, made bold to relate the circumstances as we have detailed them, and with a threat to publish the facts, if payment was persisted in. It is needless to add, he never heard any more of the bills!

But seriously—the names of these inhuman men should be held up to public observation and execration. They should be driven out of the community as brutes having the form of men, and as unfit to dwell with civilized beings. They are a disgrace to the people of New York, and to any other that may countenance them. Are their names suppressed because they are too *respectable* to be exposed? What good reason can the Journal of Commerce give for keeping them secret? Is the public press so awfully debased and muzzled, that because a villain is rich, and has friends, he escapes the grasp of public justice with impunity? If so atrocious an act were perpetrated in Philadelphia, we should not hesitate a moment to hold up the barbarous actors in the inhuman tragedy to the consuming indignation of the public.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ARIEL.

Dear Mr. Editor: I am one of your constant readers, and of course admirers, and have wondered to see what facility you evince in turning out paragraphs upon subjects where I could not say as many words as you have said lines. In order to try your ability, and to have "oracular" demonstration that you can write on any given subject, I propose to you to make an article on the word *Side*, being the first that comes uppermost at this moment. If you please me with this word, I'll double my subscription, and send one copy to my Aunt Dinah. Yours,

EPHRAIM DOOLITTLE.

Aside from all vanity, we cannot refrain from complying with Ephraim's whim, seeing he *sides* with our *side*, besides being a subscriber, and proposing to double his subsidies.—Enter Ephraim Doolittle, *sidewise*, holding his *side*: "Zounds! my *side*," cried he, twisting both *sides* of his face as if he were *beside* himself, *besides* looking sideways at the brandy on the sideboard. "Oh, my *side*! my *side*!" "Which *side*?" said a stranger, who sat by his *side*, "the right *side*?" "No!" "The left *side*?" "No!" "Why, which *side* then?" "Pray how many *sides* have you?" "Five *sides*," said Ephraim, *aside*: "Yes, five *sides*—a right *side*, a left *side*, an *inside*, an *outside*, and a front *side*; my grievance, however, *resides* in neither of these *sides*, but in the other *side*, occasioned by mounting the *outside* of a long-sided trotting horse. Nay, now I think of it," continued Ephraim, "*besides* these five or six *sides*, which may be called natural *sides*, some men have other *sides*, which may be denominated accidental *sides*. For instance: A lawyer takes fees on both *sides*, and a madman has double the usual number of *sides*, being a man *beside* himself. A place-hunter and a tailor have no

side: the first taking *sides* just as it happens, and submitting to a kick on his nether *side* without wounding, and the latter being only the ninth part of a man, cannot arrogate to himself more than the ninth part of five *sides*. I leave the puzzlers to decide the exact amount of this fraction of a *side*."

Mercy on us! said we to Ephraim, into what a variety of attitudes you have thrown this little word *side*. "I would engage," said Ephraim, "by the help of this monosyllable, with very little assistance from the rest of my vocabulary, to give you a short history of the present times. Take a specimen. Those in place *side* with the Jackson *side*, and those out of place, *besides* being hungry, *side* with any *side* which promises to be the next upper *side*. On this *side* the Atlantic, some are on the Catholic *side*, and others on the Protestant *side*, while on the other *side* the big waters, they are nearly all on one *side*. We have Jackson on this *side*, and they Wellington on that *side*, so that both *sides* take the military *side*. The manufacturers *side* against their working *side*, and the king's troops are laying about on all *sides*. Notwithstanding the recent *sides* we all took in choosing a magistrate to *preside*, party has *subsided*, since it was decided that the Jackson was the winning *side*."

"Well," added Ephraim, "it is decided that I am to have eight *sides* of paper instead of four *sides*, and I am in such a roar of laughter that all my *sides* shake to such a degree, that my *side* pockets are running over with cash, which, *besides* my having promised it, you are entitled to, for the consideration of a long article on *sides*." We must just add that Mr. I. Reeside runs his stages from Philadelphia to Easton in 8 hours and a half, so that it is next to nothing to *reside* in Easton; and in fact, our numerous and respectable subscribers in that thriving place are served before some of those on the Northern *side* of this city. But it is time to allow our ink to *subside* into something *besides* *sideling* about thus on all *sides*.

N. B. Ladies who wish the gentlemen to do right, must insist upon their riding on the left *side*, when taking exercise on horseback.

P. S. The pleasantest seat in a coach is *outside* with the driver.

LITERARY.

Moore has printed between three and four hundred pages of the *Life of Lord Byron*, which is interspersed with original letters and poems, of singular merit—after the manner of Mason's *Life of Gray*, and Haley's *Life of Cowper*. Nearly the whole of the manuscript is in town, and the work, consisting of a thick 4to. volume, will be published during the season.

The late Earl of Bridgewater has left his manuscripts to the British Museum, and the interest of £7000 to the librarians who are to be appointed to take care of them, and £5000 to augment the collection of MSS. of that institution.

Lord Stowell, the friend, and one of the executors of Dr. Johnson, has contributed nearly half a volume of original reminiscences and anecdotes to the new edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, editing by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker.

A new novel, by the author of *Brambletye House*, Zillah, &c. is announced as in a state of considerable forwardness. It is of a humorous description, and is entitled "The New Forest."

The author of *Blue Stocking Hall* is also said to be preparing another work for publication, called "Tales of My Time."

The Last of the Plantagenets, published by J. & J. Harper, New York.—This is a well written Historical Romance, in the shape of an autobiography of Richard Plantagenet, a reputed son of the "crook-backed Richard." The writer's style is remarkably unostentatious, and his narrative faithfully illustrates "the domestic and ecclesiastical manners" of the interesting period to which it relates. Some of the incidents which the author has ingeniously interwoven with his story are exceedingly touching: we remember to have been particularly pleased with Richard's last interviews with the "Lady Bride," then Prioress of Bermondsey Abbey. Indeed, the whole story is at once interesting and instructive, and withal exhibits a beautiful example of pure, unaffected piety.

Mr. Kettell, of Boston, has at last completed a work which has long been anticipated. It consists of three large duodecimos, comprising a greater body of American poetry and biography than has ever before been published.

CLIPPINGS.

John Craig, of Baltimore, has been appointed Superintendent of the Patent Office, at Washington, in place of Dr. Jones, removed.

Provoking—to read in a neighboring print an editorial puff of a great performer, who has decamped, leaving his account for advertising and printing unpaid.

The New York papers say the money market there has become much easier during the last week, and that men in credit easily fulfil their engagements. Wish it was so here.

A mine of Quicksilver has been discovered by the Indians, in Canada; a specimen of which, examined at Montreal, has been pronounced to be of superior quality.

An Ohio paper states that every steamer and vessel is filled with emigrants to the western country—six hundred have landed at Cleveland within a single fortnight.

It is stated in an Illinois paper as a singular fact, that bacon is shipped from that state for Pennsylvania use.

Mr. Forrest and Mrs. Knight are playing at Cincinnati. They have been greeted with the most cordial welcome.

There is now at York, Pa., a girl aged 16, who weighs 365 lbs., is 4 ft. 9 inches high, & measures 4 ft. 9 inches round the waist. There's a wife for some of the delicate ones!

A tippler "down east," says he will leave off drinking when the girls leave off wearing stays. Surely the girls won't mind his nonsense—can a man *live* without drink?

If all madmen were put in Bedlam, how large ought it to be? Perhaps you might name the size as easily as you could limit madness itself.

The Nantucket Inquirer talks of coming down the Legislature during the hot season. How *killingly* polite it is!

In consequence of the extreme heat at Limerick, Maine, several yoke of oxen have dropped dead in the field.

The Wheat crop in Maryland, notwithstanding the cold and wet weather, promises to turn out very good.

The Providence Literary Subaltern formally announces Henry Clay a candidate for the Presidency, in 1833.

A snapping turtle weighing 37 lbs., was caught lately at Easton—he was no doubt a gun-tickler from Tobemickon.

Accounts from some of the western parts of this state say that the grain crop this season will be very fair.

There are no less than five gold mines in operation at present in Lancaster District, South Carolina.

Orders have been received to fit out the Coast Station 44, now lying at the Navy Yard, Gosport, Virginia.

Edward Pennington, of this city, offers himself a candidate for County Commissioner, at the next fall election.

Only 80 subscribers have been obtained to the various relief societies in this city, after a week's solicitation!

The assessment of real estate, this year, in this city, exceeds any previous one nearly two millions of dollars.

A "Republican Political Association of Working men" has recently been formed and organised in this city.

Mr. Clay has settled down on his farm near Lexington, Kentucky, and advertises for horses and other stock.

Anti-masonry continues to spread in this state. A meeting of persons opposed to secret societies has been held at Hortham, Montgomery county.

There are 200 scholars in the Southwark Infant School establishment.

The Franklin Institute offers a silver medal for the best design for a Diploma of Membership.

It is said the Inquirer, just established in this city, is got up for the purpose of putting down what is called the "Family."

Some of the principal boarding-houses in New York have lately dispensed with the use of brandy at dinner.

Snow continued very deep on the tops of the mountains in Georgia, so late as the 20th ultimo.

A common hoop-net, placed in the Schuylkill on the 22d May, and taken up 48 hours afterwards, was found to contain 799 fish and 2 turtles!

The son of Benjamin Davis, of Pittsburg, was arrested on the 3d inst. for causing the death of his father by continued cruel treatment!

It is seriously in contemplation to erect a bridge across the Ohio river at Cincinnati.

Fifteen thousand dollars were paid in at New York, for tavern licenses, within one fortnight.

Fifty-six hundred dollars' worth of rum is retailed out at one establishment in New York! It is called fashionable.

The Postmasters of Pittsburg and Cincinnati have been ordered by the Postmaster General to transfer all of their advertising custom to the Jackson papers.

The Daily Chronicle is unmercifully belaboring the poor caterpillars in Washington Square, and assures the Committee that they are not Silkworms! There is nothing like knowing what's what.

Locusts are said to be swarming in some parts of Virginia—Staunton, in particular.

It is denied that Mrs. West, of Drury Lane Theatre, is engaged to perform in this country next winter, as reported.

A surgeon was lately caught at Augusta, Geo. which, on being measured, was found to be nine feet in length.

The small pox is raging with unexampled fatality in New-Orleans. It is also at Augusta, Georgia.

Mrs. Hannah Mann, of Edington, Maine, now living, has no less a number than 303 descendants living near her.

Editors in the country are beginning to talk about tall Corn, Rye, &c. How tiresome such things are to readers.

The Bath Establishment, at Bristol, Pa. is advertised as open for the reception of boarders.

Eighteen hundred hands are now at work on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal—46 miles being under contract.

An Academy of Natural Science has been formed in Bucks county, and is ready to receive specimens.

A shower of eels fell at Capital Hill, Maine, one day during the last week. They were all alive, and kicking.

More than nine hundred miles of rail roads and canals are either finished or now under contract, in this state.

A turtle, weighing 275 lbs. was lately caught in Broad river, South Carolina. He was a whopper!

A man near Troy, N. Y. is about starting for London with 150 rattlesnakes, to astonish John Bull with.

The Editor of an Ohio paper advertises for ONE female apprentice—as much as to say, he wants a wife.

If your neighbor is able to pay for a paper, refuse to lend

him one—for the second offence, show him the door. It is a be-garly and mean thing to be always on the borrow.

A newly commissioned magistrate wrote to a book-seller—"Sir, please send me all the ax of the legislator that belongs to a Gustis of the Peas, as I am now one."

ORIGINAL NOTICES.

Memoir of De Witt Clinton. By Dr. Hosack. 4to. New York—1829.

It is among the rarest and most valuable gifts of friendship—at least, as connected with the fate and honor of a great man—to possess the affections of a bosom companion, qualified by education to appreciate the virtues and mind with which he associates. De Witt Clinton, whose name is as familiar to our ears as was Washington to his contemporaries, has found such a friend in Dr. Hosack, who knew and esteemed him while living, and who has erected a monument in the shape of a book, when dead. It is a large monument, too—rather more so than was necessary, or is convenient to carry about in one's pocket. It contains much matter which might as well have been omitted; but we are not disposed to quarrel with it on that account, inasmuch as it contains a vast deal of interesting matter for history. It was said by Dr. Johnson of Mr. Burke, that no man could spend an hour with him, during a shower or by accident, without discovering that he was a great man. So it was with Clinton. We remember having once accidentally stopped a hack in Broadway, which happened to have but one passenger: he proved to be very polite, under circumstances which most people would have felt piqued at,—and after half an hour's ride together, during which we picked up more information than in a day's confab with ordinary minds, we discovered on his alighting, that it was Clinton, then Governor of New York, with whom we had made so free. The discovery was accidental—a gentleman stepping to the side of the carriage as our companion alighted, who addressed him as Governor Clinton. There was nothing in his exterior to denote his station above the ordinary citizen; but the mind, that wonderful engine, shone through every word, and placed him in one respect on a par with Burke.

But we are digressing. A bust of the departed Governor, and a map of the Northern and Western Canal, occupy their proper places in the book which contains a mass of documentary evidence in the shape of an appendix. The book itself having been some weeks before the public, we must close our short notice with its closing paragraphs.

"Although withdrawn from our view at comparatively an early period of life, and in the midst of his intellectual vigor and usefulness, the monuments of his glory are imperishable. Youth of our country! although Mr. Clinton has not left to his immediate descendants wealth and independence, to you, as well as to them, he has left a legacy of infinitely greater value.

"In his life he has left you a splendid and animating example, which points the way to usefulness and fame—which teaches you how great are the requirements which well directed industry, even in a short life, is able to achieve—what public estimation and encouragement attend upon them—and what honors and rewards are the happy results. Follow, then, in his footsteps! Cultivate those endowments of the mind, and those affections of the heart—that self-command, that dignity and order of conduct, which distinguished your great exemplar! Remember, too, to cherish that happy union of virtue and talents—upon which alone you can build your hopes of honor and esteem! Follow, too, his great example in defending the liberties of our country—in supporting our happy constitution of government—in preserving the integrity of our union—in framing and executing good laws—in disseminating useful knowledge—in alleviating human misery—and in promoting the happiness of man.

"These principles, as your guide, cannot fail to impart to you the greatest enjoyment this world can bestow—that which is derived from a life spent in the performance of the duties you owe to your fellow-men, your country, and your God. Such was the man whose death we this day lament; whose talents, virtues, and public services, while gratitude holds its place in the human breast, can never be forgotten.

"Yes, my fellow-citizens! when the present assembly shall sleep with their fathers—when time shall have obliterated the remembrance of this day's feeble effort to present to your view the virtues and the deeds of our departed friend and benefactor—still, still shall his name be hallowed in the grateful remembrance of the inhabitants of his native land; and generations yet unborn shall gather round his tomb—and, recalling the days that are

passed, will utter, in the ecstasy of feeling which love of country and gratitude inspire,

HERE REPOSE THE ASHES OF OUR CLINTON!

"Departed shade, farewell! Thou art gone, for ever gone—but thy fame survives thee; and thou hast left the influence of thy great example, which will render thy name illustrious so long as science and the arts shall be cherished—so long as patriotism and benevolence shall continue to be virtues, or philanthropy hold its seat in the heart of man!

"Benefactor of the human family, farewell! May the remembrance of thine exalted virtues purify our hearts, and thy character be the example of our lives!"

"Semper honores, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

A Year in Spain—by a Young American. 8vo. Boston: Hildard, Gray, Little & Wilkins, 1829.

This is a beautiful book, as far as good paper and new types can make it so; and one which, notwithstanding its rambling style, we have perused with interest, if not with profit. The author is understood to be Mr. Dwight, advantageously known to the American public as the writer of four octavo volumes of a Journey in the United States, and also of Travels in Germany. Books of travels are perhaps, next to the Waverley novels, the kind of reading most sought after; and, provided they are good in their kind, furnish about as much entertainment and food for reflection as any other description. Our supply of this commodity has generally come from England, where travelling is a profession, pursued with ardor, and oftentimes with profit. One would think the natives at home could never get enough of a good thing. France may be safely gone over once every six months; Italy once a year; India once in two years; Java about half as often; Mexico you may travel over in your closet, and give pictures and descriptions as far from the truth as you please—since nobody has been there to see how they really are; the United States are almost worn out, unless you can tell a new pack of lies, or fish up a new state or two, interspersed with anecdotes of General Jackson at New-Orleans, and tell how near Washington came to losing the cause of Independence. A professional traveller now-a-days, must be a man of some address; and he must mingle in the best society abroad, or he might as well stay at home, for he is certain of never being read, unless, indeed, he can make up for this deficiency by placing between every third page a magnificent picture. Our author has neither of the above requisites: he appears to have travelled without letters of introduction, and to have drawn his ideas from his fellow-passengers in the stages and at the inns. Consequently, we have the exact size of every position's hat, the length of his whip, the names of his horses, their food, and the loves of all the kitchen wenches on the road, with descriptions of *Padres*, friars, and bar-maids, in their dishabilles as well as their Sunday wardrobes; and notwithstanding all this fanfaronade, the book is a very clever volume—just such an one as we like to pick up on a hot afternoon, and take a cigar and a nap over in the cool shade of a large tree, or reclining on the soft bottom of a sofa.

The volume before us is divided into sundry paragraphs, each one occupying a page or less, and all forming, in fact, separate chapters, thus allowing the author an opportunity of breaking off at any moment, and of saying as much nonsense as he cannot find intelligence or information to fill up with. At the capital of Catalonia he thus describes the Clergy, among other objects in the streets:

"The hat, however, was the most remarkable object of their dress. It consisted of an immense flat, three or four feet in diameter, turned up at the sides until the two edges met above the crown; it was worn with the long part pointing before and behind, for had it been carried sideways, a few would have served to block the Rambla, and render passing impracticable. The best time to convince one's self of the convenience of this head gear is in a gale of wind. Many a severe fit of laughter have I had in Spain, when it has been blowing hard, to see a priest come unexpectedly upon a windy corner, and struck by a flaw: one hand is stretched to the front of the long hat, the other to the back of it, as though devotion had prompted a new way of signing the cross; and then, his many robes fluttering and struggling to the sad entanglement of the legs, combined to form a figure altogether ludicrous. Besides the secular clergy, there was a goodly store of monks in black, white, blue, or gray, with their fat and unseemly heads shaved bare at the crown and about the neck and temples. A few were worn down and

emaciated, as if from fasting, vigils, and maceration, with an air of cold-blooded and fanatic abstraction; the greater part were burly and well-conditioned, with sensuality engraven on every feature. As they waddled contentedly and self-complacently along the Rambla, they would peer into the mantillas of all the pretty girls that passed them, exchanging a shake of the fingers or a significant glance with such as were of their acquaintance. There is no part of Spain where the clergy are more numerous than in Catalonia, for they form more than two per cent. of the entire population. Two men in a hundred, who neither sow, nor reap, nor labor; and who, nevertheless, eat, and drink, and luxuriate! The fact is its own best commentary."

At Madrid we learn almost nothing of the state of manners of the higher orders, but have to rest contented with an outside sketch of matters, which is any-thing but satisfactory. The climate is well described in the following paragraph—it depicts a degree of cold which we previously had no conception existed in that capital:

"The climate of Madrid, though subject to great variation, is nevertheless healthful, and has ever been a stranger to epidemic diseases. Its sky is almost always transparent and cloudless, and its air so pure, that the dead animals, which are often allowed to remain in the streets until they are pulverised and blown away, never become offensive. The ordinary extremes of temperature in Madrid are 90 of Fahrenheit in summer, and 32 in winter; but there is scarcely a year that the thermometer does not rise above 100 or fall below 14—for, though the inclination of the city facilitates its ventilation, it likewise exposes it more fully to the unintercepted rays of a powerful sun, and in winter the neighboring mountains of Guadarrama send down from their snowy reservoirs such keen breezes, that, perhaps, in few places is the cold more pinching than in Madrid. This was especially the case last winter, the most inclement that has been known in Europe for many years. Several sentinels were frozen on their posts along the parapet, in front of the palace, and overlooking the ravine of the Manzanares, down which the north-west winds descend with accumulated violence. Two soldiers of the Swiss brigade were among the number; and though they were relieved at short intervals, and might have been supposed no strangers to cold in their own Alpine country, they were nevertheless found in their sentry-boxes stiff and lifeless, at the end of half an hour. Several washer-women, too, going as usual to the Manzanares—for being poor, they could not well lie by for the weather—were overtaken by a similar calamity; so that the police was obliged to place sentinels to prevent others from going to their ordinary occupation."

The account of the Spanish bull-fights is one of the best sketches in the volume, but too horrible almost for repetition. We have horses gored by a mad bull, till their bowels trail upon the ground, led out of the arena, trampling upon their own vitals—fearful attacks of the enraged animal upon its persecutor—and withal, a death or two thrown in to please the Spanish ladies. Long may this species of amusement be banished from our borders. Brutality, and a hard heart, must ever be the attendants upon such cruel sports.

At a small village in New Castile we are treated with nearly a page, describing, instead of the manners of the people, the interesting scene of a horse getting loose from the tavern-door, with the horse's thoughts, and the looks of his saddle, together with the wily stratagems of the hostler, "and all of us," to catch him—how he would not be caught, but preferred "trotting boldly into the court-yard," of his own free will and accord—with a trip to the rye-field! There is a Spanish horse for you!—Then comes a hog story, thus:

"This source of disturbance was scarcely over, before a loud grunting announced the arrival of the public swineherd, bringing home the hogs of the village from their daily pasture. He had on a tattered cloak, a sugar-loaf hat, and a pair of ruined leather gaiters. In his left hand was a long staff, pointed with a nail, and in the right a singularly sculptured cow-horn, through which he uttered a fearful noise that brought the tears into my eyes. The hogs, which had minded the horn of the swineherd, and followed him very obediently hitherto, when they reached the first corner of the village, suddenly gave a loud and general grunt, which might be interpreted 'the devil take the hindmost,' for they all, with one accord, set off at a full gallop in different directions, each bolting into the open door of his own house, and hopping over the sill, to the terror of the little children."

Thus we go all through the book, trotting about among the mules and the stable-boys, the hogs and the turkeys—and superintending every *ella padrida*

which any old Spanish cook chooses to toss up. And here we must take leave of our traveller, wishing him more comfortable quarters at his residence in New-York than he found in the Spanish *fondas* or inns—and his book a place upon every shelf which can find room for so home-bred an article of domestic manufacture.

FOR THE ARIEL.

The Art of Short-Hand Writing, compiled from the latest European Publications, with sundry Improvements, adapted to the Present State of Literature in the United States: by M. T. C. Gould, Stenographer. Carey, Lea & Carey.

A neatly printed work, bearing the above title, is before us. It is embellished with fifteen engravings, illustrative of this truly interesting science, which the author has done more towards perfecting than any American stenographer. It appears to us that this is a branch of education—certainly, a great accomplishment—which is but too little thought of, although its use can be attested by every day's experience. Did you never, reader, while listening to the bursts of eloquence from the lips of an orator, as you enjoyed the spell in which he bound you, wish that you could keep the remembrance in a tangible shape, instead of having it evade your recollection, as "through the fingers glides a knotless thread."

The art of writing Short Hand by Mr. Gould's system is easily acquired—and, when obtained, is invaluable. The author very justly observes that, "although the value of Short Hand can never be duly appreciated, except by those who have acquired it, still they must be wilfully blind who will not acknowledge its utility as a labor and time saving art." The work is recommended by the Governor and Secretary of the State of New-York, Members of Congress, Legislative Bodies, and many distinguished public men of the United States. Mr. Gould will, we understand, commence soon a course of lessons at his Stenographic Academy, No. 6 North Eighth street. As the expense is trifling to the student, and the instructor unites the suavity of a gentleman to a complete knowledge of this useful science, we trust he will receive a share of that patronage which we are confident he deserves; and those at a distance, who cannot attend his school, will find great advantage in studying his book, which is so cheap as to be within the reach of all.

FOR THE ARIEL.

The "*Visits of Mercy*," just published in this city by Mr. Bradford, and written by the Rev. Dr. Ely, is a work very highly spoken of. The volumes were written while he was stated preacher to the Hospital and Alms-house in New-York, in 1811 and 1813. They embody narrations of great interest, which are detailed with much beauty, and in a feeling manner. The work may be had at most of our book-stores.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The remittance from "R. M. L. Jr." of Galway, N. Y. is received.

"O. P." is far short of both rhyme and common sense.

The enclosure in the letter from "M. M. S. Jr." of Waynesboro', of June 10th, is safely received.

The draft referred to by "A. P." of Zanesville, Ohio, has been paid—other orders attended to.

The enclosure of "N. S." of Andover, Mass. is received. Any further efforts will be thankfully acknowledged.

"J. S." of Middletown, Ohio, is safely at hand, with the enclosure.

AGENTS FOR THE ARIEL.

Mr. O. T. Reeves, Chillicothe, Ohio.
Mr. Edward Cox, Maysville, Ky.
Mr. J. Walter Frill, Reading, Pa.
Mr. Jno. W. Oldham, P. M. Louisville, Ky.
Mr. Jno. Harvey, Amesbury Mills, Mass.

It is at this late day impossible to furnish any numbers of the second Volume of the Ariel, as those which remained on hand are all bound up.

New Subscribers can be furnished with all the numbers and plates of Volume III. from the commencement.

BY THE AUTHOR OF MARINER'S SKETCHES.

Having had, while in the Pacific, the pleasure of performing an aerial excursion which commenced in the main cat harpins of one of our largest frigates, and terminated near the bottom of Callao Bay, I will take the liberty to give the history of the voyage, and my reflections during it, for the benefit of future tumblers. I was going aloft, and had just got as far as the buttock shrouds, when a ratline broke under my feet, and I fell backwards. My first motion was surprise. I could not imagine where I was, but soon ascertained from the rushing of the wind by my ears that I was falling, and that head foremost. Dr. Johnson says, that the near approach of death wonderfully concentrates a man's ideas. I am sure it did not mine, for I never thought so fast before or since, as I did during the two or three seconds that I was tumbling. In an instant the recollection came to my head, that one of the quarter-deck guns was under me, and I should, in all probability, be dashed into ten thousand pieces. I would have given the world to have roared. I tried to gather my limbs together, to contract my muscles, to shrink my body into as small a space as possible. All this while there was a blood-red light before my eyes, through which a thousand horrible forms were constantly gliding. Then I thought of home; and the forms of all those I held dear on earth, and a good many "strangers of distinction" besides, passed in my review before me. Then the recollection of the cursed gun, and the consequent smash across the breech of it, put all the establishment to flight, and I felt that peculiar sickness at the stomach which, it is said, one experiences when on the point of undergoing a sudden, painful, and violent death. I thought to myself, "surely it must be almost time for the shock." A shock I certainly did receive, and no gentle one, across the back of the head, neck and left shoulder, and in an instant all was dark and still. "It is all over," thought I, when, to my utter dismay, I felt myself falling a second time, but no words can express my delight, my ecstasy, on finding myself overboard, instead of on the gun. I kept going down, till it appeared to me that the seven fathoms and a half (the depth of water at our anchorage) had more than doubled since we came to. After a while I became stationary, and soon after I began slowly to ascend. When I looked up, I saw high, very high above me, a dim, greenish light, which became brighter and brighter, till at last I bounced on the surface like a cork. I immediately swam to the accommodation ladder, and went on board. My shoulders and neck were somewhat bruised by striking against a spare topsail yard that was stowed over the starboard quarter; my head was also a good deal knocked about, having received sundry thumps and knocks in the fall.

It may seem incredible, possibly, that I should be able to recollect my sensations after so long a time had elapsed, but my feelings are as fresh in my memory now as at the very moment when I was so satisfactorily demonstrating, in my own unlucky person, the principles of gravitation.

There is something very interesting and pleasing in the method of representing pictures, mentioned in the annexed letter from Rome. If we mistake not, Miss Edgeworth alludes to the same plan in her truly entertaining novel of Patronage.

Mrs. Maria Stark, the celebrated authoress of "The Traveller's Guide thro' France and Italy," has been giving what are called *tableaux vivants*. These have a very curious effect—a number of individuals place themselves in the exact attitude and dress of the figures in a celebra-

ted picture upon a stage, around which is arranged a kind of frame, and between the individuals thus placed, and the audience, who ought to be at a considerable distance, is drawn a veil. The effect produced upon an observer standing at a little distance, is exactly that of a picture. At Mrs. Stark's house, the celebrated painting by Raphael of Mount Parnassus was thus represented, in a style that astonished the crowd of Romans and English who attended. A Mrs. Glasgow has also been giving several representations of a similar nature. This species of amusement, which is peculiar to Italy, was first introduced with a view of improving the pictorial taste of the people, by bringing before them, in succession, specimens of the different schools of painting; and when performed on a public stage, generally attracts a crowded audience.

Truly, the Journal of the Times has furnished a most pithy and graphic sketch in what it calls A HARD CASE.

There was an old woman that lived in a shoe, [do; She had so many children she didn't know what to do; Some she gave potatoes, and some she gave bread, Some she gave a whipping and sent them to bed.

PATHETIC BALLAD.

We can never think of the above pathetic lines, without being forcibly struck with the similarity of condition existing between the old lady and the new President of the United States. So many calls for office, so much struggling for the crumbs that fall from the Treasury table, so many open mouths to be stopped, and so many hungry maws to be filled, that General Jackson's condition, though in the Presidential palace, must be quite as uncomfortable as that of the poor needy tenant of the shoe. Indeed, it is in some respects much worse. The old woman had the extent of her difficulties before her, and knew what she had to do: how far she could go in relieving the wants of her children, and when the eatables were spent, how many of the youngsters she must satisfy with the birch instead of bread. But the President can see no end to the calls and opportunities for office. If he gives bread to some, and potatoes to others, the crowds are too numerous and too turbulent to be silenced by a whipping. Foreign embassies will go but a little way among so many hungry expectants; seats in the Cabinet are very limited; judgeships and attorneyships will satisfy but a few months; comptrollers' and auditors' offices are soon disposed of; the larger collectorships and post offices stand no chance among so many; in short, all the richer offices in the gift of government are but a mere crumb of bread in the hands of the old woman of the shoe, to satisfy the cries of her numerous family. The minor offices are more plenty, but what are they among so many? The potatoes of the Treasury they may be called; but such food as they are, they are soon swallowed, and but a small portion of those who were crying lustily for food have had a morsel. What is to be done with these. Are they to be treated in the summary manner of the old woman of the shoe, who whipped those she was unable to feed? The forest would fail before the half of it was accomplished. Would it not be better to create a few thousand offices for the special benefit of applicants at the present crisis? Whipping is out of the question, and as for hanging them under the 2d section, that would be placing them on the same footing as those wicked traitors, the members of the Hartford Convention. As to the creation of offices, that would be inconsistent with the *promise of reform*, and therefore can never be resorted to by so economical a government. The situation of the President, then, is indeed lamentable; and the trying case of the old lady in the shoe

sinks into nothing in point of pathos, when compared to that of our beloved chief magistrate.

MATRIMONIAL RULES AND MAXIMS—TO A YOUNG LADY.

1. When a young gentleman makes you an offer, hold yourself flattered by his preference, and be proportionably grateful.
2. If you accept him, (which we will suppose of course,) study his temper and inclinations, that you may better accommodate your own to them.
3. After marriage, obey him cheerfully, even though you think him in error: it is better that he should do wrong in what he commands, than that you should do wrong in objecting to it.
4. If he flatters you, do not forget that it is but flattery.
5. If you see any imperfections in your husband, (which there may be,) do not pride yourself on your penetration in discovering them, but on your forbearance in not pointing them out; strive to show no superiority, but in good temper.
6. Bear in mind continually, that you are weak and dependent; and even if you are beautiful, that it adds to your weakness and dependence.
7. If you displease him, be the first to conciliate and to mend: there is no degradation in seeking peace, or in showing that you love your husband better than your triumph.
8. If misfortunes assail you, remember that you ought to sustain your share of the burden; imitate your husband's fortitude, or show your own for his imitation.
9. When you rise in the morning, resolve to be cheerful for the day; let your smiles dispel his frowns.
10. Take pride in concealing your husband's infirmities from others, rather than in proclaiming them: you will only be laughed at by all your acquaintances, if you tell his faults to one.
11. Endeavour rather to save than to spend your husband's money: if his fortune be large, strive to preserve it—if small, to increase it.
12. Be not importunate or obtrusive in your fondness, and choose proper occasions for your caresses, lest they prove wearisome.
13. Finally, recollect always that God has made you subject to him, and that he is your natural guardian and protector; that you owe your husband no less honor than love, and not less love than obedience.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.
STANZAS.

O, lonely silver moon of Spring!
Who comest on thy evening dream,
Flinging upon night's raven wing
The glory of thy mellow beam!
I love thee in thy silent bourne,
High though thou art, and meek and still;
And wert thou gone, what hearts would mourn
For thy pale glow on lake and hill!
I love to go all silent eves,
When thy white barque moves up the sky,
Smiling upon thy silent leaves,
And watching with a wary eye
The gushing streams—the flight of winds—
The gathering clouds—the glittering stars—
As pleasant as the sound that finds
Release from fairy-played guitars.
And when a sultry day has passed
Oppressive on the slumbering earth,
And cool bland zephyrs have at last
From the high seas a wandering birth;
And trees are green, and tall loose flowers
Like stars are peering from the ground,
I go to see thy filtering showers
Of love fall through the trees around.
Thy smile is loved on lonely hills,
The summit, and the bushy sides,
When the sweet anthem of small rills
Like air among the green dens glides:
Losing itself in lines of moss,
And leaping o'er the slanting rock,
Like a singing bird of watery gloss,
Delighting in its own sweet talk.
Thy light is loved in silent vales,
Wherein a lovely lake may sleep,
Unrivalled by the pen of gales,
Though sky and stars gleam from its deep;
'Tis very sweet, when to soft knolls
A message of thy light will fall—
As the return of happy souls
From Heaven's too happy coronal! J.O.R.



THE OLIO.

Here, haply, thou may'st spy, and seize for use,
Some tiny straggler of the ideal world.

SYNTAX.—The errors committed by the *illiterati*, to coin a word, are often very entertaining. We give a few specimens:—

In an old history of the reformation, we find the following notice of Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Jesuits:—"His early days were spent in riot and debauchery, but having obtained a commission in the Spanish army, he lost a leg at the siege of Pampeluna." There is about as much connection in this sentence, as there would be in saying, "Napoleon Buonaparte died at St. Helena, but the price of putty is shockingly high."

SINGULAR INSCRIPTION.—The following inscription is over the door of a house in a small village in the Isle of Ely: "Shaving done at a penny each—Hare oild and powdered into the bargain—Also Redeing Riting and Spelin taut according to the rules of Gramar, and ceare takin of there morels at 6d a week. N. B. Godfree's Cordial, Rud rutes, Rud Herens, Potatos sassage and other gardin stuff to be sold by there umble servant, James Gruby."

A writer in one of the diurnals entertains us occasionally with new definitions not found in the dictionaries, as—

CURLED.—A dog led by a rope.
BREAKFAST.—To stop payment in haste.
FOOT GUARDS.—A pair of water proof boots.

DUCTABLE.—To put a table under water.
FOUL FACED.—Having a face like a fowl.
HORSE RADISH.—A radish that has a cold in the throat.

Should a man, in purchasing a horse, praise it up to the skies, could he then expect to have it at his own valuation? So in courtship, when the poor lover overrates the charms of his mistress by flattery and exaggerated praise, can he wonder that the lady does not think that he bids high enough for so much excellence? and does not take sighs and tears as a part of the purchase?

Whoever pretends to look at life through an astronomical telescope, runs the risk of seeing every thing turned topsy-turvy.

THE WANDERING KNIGHT'S SONG.

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war,
My bed is cold upon the world,
My lamp yon star.
My journeyings are long,
My slumbers short and broken,
From hill to hill I wander still
Kissing thy token.
I ride from land to land,
I sail from sea to sea—
Some day more kind I fate may find,
Some night kiss thee!"

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